In the beginning there was a maiden,

pure as morning light,

her heart untainted,

her spirit white as snow.

She walked with joy among creation,

and the world rejoiced in her song.

For she was made in the image of love —

a reflection of her Maker’s beauty.

But envy watched from the shadows.

then A Evil Queen of pride gazed into her mirror,

and saw not her own face,

but the light she could never bear —

the image of innocence.

So she whispered lies to her in the garden

She dressed her hatred in kindness in eden

and offered the maiden a fruit —

shining, red, and sweet.

And when the maiden’s lips touched it,

the world grew silent.

The song of creation stopped.

Her breath fell to stillness.

The light of man dimmed to sleep.

And the hearts of the faithful wept.

The gentle ones

the guardians of heaven

laid her in a crystal coffin,

watching, hoping,

believing the promise:

that love is stronger than death

and would come for her one day.

And so the years passed.

The world kept spinning,

but heaven remembered.

Then I saw the end of time

from beyond the hills of time,

The Prince appeared in ultimate Glory

His eyes held eternity,

His voice spoke peace.

He knelt beside the fallen maiden,

opened her coffin

touched her hand,

and kissed the sleeping beauty

the spell had broken

The fruit of death rolled away.

she had awoken

and all the nations ROARED for His name

the Wedding was filled with tears

the world soared with Joy

The earth pierced through the sky

Her first breath was His.

Her first sight was His face.

Her first word — love.

and she said unto him

“Yes, I do”

He lifted her from the grave of glass,

and the heavens opened with light.

The curse was undone.

The Garden opened for the faithful

Cinderella could never step in his castle

for it was mighty

it flowed mightier than the parks we had been

The mirror of pride became shattered.

And the Queen of darkness was no more.

The Prince of Peace

took His bride’s hand

led her into the Divine Kingdom.

and we walked

we followed

we marched behind

no more mirrors

No more lies

No more envy

No more disguise

nothing but

love….

only love.

THE END.....